

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND JACKIE'S TAIL.

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BY HOWARD R. GARE.

Please, I want another drink of water.

All right, Peetie, you shall have it.

But don't drink too much.

Oh, but mother, I'm so hot! I have to drink water all the while and I want you to fan me. That makes me cooler.

Mrs. Bow Wow took up the fan, made from a big, green leaf from the grape vine, and though her face was quite tired from having fanned Peetie nearly all day, still she did not say anything. She waved the green leaf to and fro, and made a cool breeze for the little puppy dog who was ill.

Yes, Peetie Bow Wow was quite ill. He was hot all over, and even his nose was hot, and when a dog's nose is hot and dry, instead of being moist and cool, you may know that dog is not feeling well.

Peetie Bow Wow had a fever, and all he cared about was drinking cool water and being fanned. Mr. Bow Wow said that was the best he could do, besides giving him a little grass medicine.

"Peetie will be better in a few days," said Dr. Nussum. "But, meanwhile, keep him as cool as you can."

"Fan me! Fan me!" barked Peetie, in a weak little voice, as he tossed on his straw bed in the kennel house.

And though she was very tired, Mrs. Bow Wow waved the green leaf fan some more. Pretty soon Mr. Bow Wow came in, and then it was his turn to fan his little ill puppy dog boy. But even Mr. Bow Wow's strong as it was, grew weary after a bit of waving the big leaf to and fro.

"Oh, please keep on fanning me!" begged Peetie, when his father stopped for a moment.

"I was just changing paws," said Mr. Bow Wow. But finally he grew tired in both paws, and the fan went more and more slowly.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" half sobbed Peetie. "I'll call in Jackie and have him fan me."

Peetie's brother Jackie was outside the kennel, playing with Willie Wagtail, the goat chap. Jackie gladly left his play to come in and fan his little brother.

But even Jackie's paws grew tired, after half an hour or so, and the leaf fan went so slowly that Peetie cried:

"Oh, make me cool!"

"Now something must be done!" said Mr. Bow Wow. "We are all tired from fanning you so much, Peetie, but still we want you to be cool. I wish we had

an electric fan, then we could all rest.

The electric fan looked so good.

"Oh, I know what we can do," barked Jackie. "Uncle Wiggily Longears has an electric fan on his ship. It goes around whizzing, and that fan will cool Peetie."

"I'll get Uncle Wiggily's electric fan!"

Over to the rabbit gentleman's help, Mr. Bow Wow hurried Peetie's father, Uncle Wiggily, to the porch.

"Take my electric fan," said Mr. Bow Wow. "Why, certainly," said Mr. Longears. "But have you any electric wire in your kennel house, Mr. Bow Wow?"

"No," answered the dog gentleman.

"We haven't," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Then we must use my electric fan. But I'll come over and see if I can think of some other way of fanning Peetie and making him cool, without tiring you at all. I'll come right over."

Uncle Wiggily hurried back to the kennel with Mr. Bow Wow. As they went in, Mrs. Bow Wow was fanning Peetie very slowly, for she was very tired. Jackie was so glad to see Uncle Wiggily that he wagged his doggie tail as fast as an automobile. And as soon as Uncle Wiggily saw Jackie's tail, the rabbit gentleman exclaimed:

"Now I know what to do! Your tail gets tired of wagging, does it, Jackie?"

"I could wag it all day long and all night long, and never get tired," answered Jackie. "I wag my tail almost without knowing it."

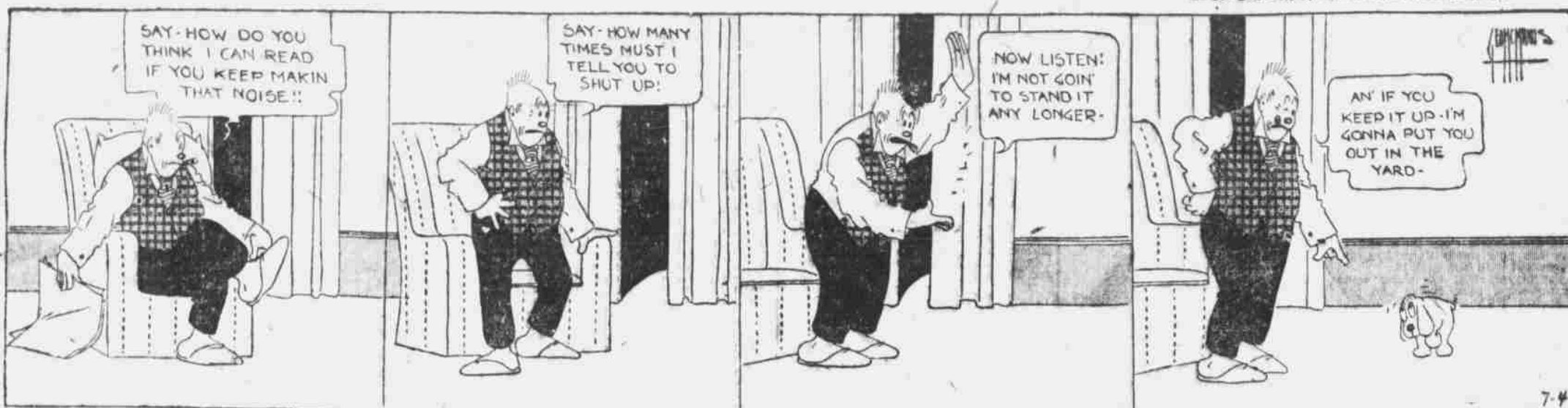
"That's just what I thought," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Now we'll just fasten the grape vine leaf fan to Jackie's tail. He'll head back, and as fast as Jackie wags his tail he'll fan Peetie's hot nose."

"Oh, good!" cried Jackie. "Quick! Fasten the fan on my tail!"

So they tied on the grape leaf fan. Jackie stood close to Peetie's bed and then wagged his tail and a cool breeze swept over Peetie's hot nose.

"Oh, that's fine!" said Mr. Bow Wow. "He'll keep Jackie from wagging his fan-tail, and it won't tire him so much as it had done to use the fan in his paw. And the next day, after having been fanned all night by Jackie's tail, Peetie was much better. And wasn't the bunny smart to think of a tail-fan? I think so."

And if the horse chestnut tree doesn't run away with the monkey when the rag doll is taking a ride in the cat's cradle, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the wollydog.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—"Two Yells For But a Single Fault!"



WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

Successfully to forget one's origin is a great asset to the aspiring "climber."

CHAPTER NO. 10.

AT HOME.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-Syndicate.)

Meanwhile Estrella Mason was visiting her father in Mapleville. Thus far, too, the visit from her point of view was most successful. The hundred dollars for finery that Freddie had given her had secured her a new wardrobe in New York. In Mapleville her clothes were in the height of fashion. Indeed Estrella dressed well—and would ever remain representative of Mapleville. All that she had and wore was cheap imitations of the "best thing" as it was shown to a wonderful world in fashion magazines. A simple gown, with clean, well-fitting collar and cuffs would not have appeared to either Mapleville or Estrella. So now, on this visit of hers to her father's home she found herself able to flaunt her way down "Main street," conscious of the envious glances that followed her from behind curtains at "best room" windows. Nor were clothes the only source of Estrella's triumph. She had inherited a new from New York; she had become, in a manner, a New Yorker. She felt that she would punctuate her conversation with casual references to "the Ritz" and "Sherry's" and all the plays of the moment. And in this Estrella did not think it worth while to cling to the truth. Mapleville, she knew, was not likely to detect the difference in her talk of her exploits were, to say the least, extraordinary. Mapleville would but judge and marvel and admire. By the time she had been home a few hours she had discarded as unnecessary any hints of fact. She spoke casually of the Vanderbilt's place, and what they had for dinner at "the Astors." Estrella had read many Sunday supplements during her stay in New York; they had been her social register. Her conversation now took on much of their color.

"I'd like my breakfast served on a tray, now, in my own apartment," she told that worthy gentleman, "in New York we never leave our rooms but have breakfast brought in practically. I hate going down to the kitchen and yelling at the hired girl."

"Well, daughter, she doesn't hear you," whatever do you mean, apartments, ain't this a whole house?"

"In New York, the daughter told him, 'we always call our rooms our apartments.' It sounds so much nicer, papa, doesn't it?"

"Nonsense! It sounds like to me!" said the practical Mr. Smithers. "A house is a house—that's what I say."

"And papa," said Estrella, "do you mind if we dine at half past seven?" These awful hours of yours drive me crazy! It's so dreadful to eat while it's still light!"

"Now just you look here, Estrella," said Mr. Smithers. "If there's one thing in this world I won't have upset it's my stomach. I'm used to my supper regular. Besides I don't like this eating by lamp light; it's bad enough come winter time when you can't help it. But when the days are longer, come spring, I like to see what's on my plate—that's all!"

"Oh, well," his daughter told him, "if you want to be a country boy all your life I suppose it ain't my fault. Thank Heaven I'm a New Yorker anyway!"

"Well," grumbled Mr. Smithers, below his breath, "anyhow I got a good stomach. I eat regular. They tell me most of these evils die early of just plain indigestion!"

less, he is right, and it is to be hoped that his words will be taken to heart by men afflicted with the nagging habit.

One of the reasons why women show less stamina and staying powers under nagging than men do is because when a man is a nagger, he is a much more strenuous and forceful and efficient nagger than a woman. As a rule, a man carries the pocket book, and as a man carries the pocket book he can put a punch into his nagging that the economically dependent wife never can.

The man who grows over his food, who braves his wife for the size of the tube and wants to know if she thinks he is made of money, who criticizes the way she raises the children and makes fun of her clothes, and before whom she trembles like a whipped dog, is the headliner among naggers, and it is no wonder that his wife goes to pieces with nervous prostration.

Another reason that women stand nagging with less fortitude than men do is because men can escape from the nagger, whereas a woman is chained to the kitchen, the nursery, the laundry, or a vacant business that takes her all to different cities when she gets to the place where she has got to have a receipt or die. Men, likewise, have the advantage of having millions of dollars in the bank, whereas a woman's work gives her all too much time to think and to brood over the way her husband picks upon her.

It must be said in all fairness, however, that women naggers are far more common than men. Naggers, it is true, are not distinguishable between little things and big, and who will drive a good husband away from home by nagging him about leaving his jacket on the floor, and dropping clear across the rug until he flees to a place of peace?

And the pitiful part of it all is that the woman nagger generally nags through over-love and over-anxiety for her family. But none the less do they nag her fan her tortoise and drive her to pieces with nervous prostration.

There is an cure for nagging because no one who takes over admits doing it. Heretofore, the only way a man or woman who was unkindly enough to nag was to nag through death or divorce. Now the ax-shower has been introduced as a solution of this problem. Let us trust that it will prove an awful warning to those addicted to wife and husband beating.

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BILL'S AUTO STOLEN.

PARIS, July 4.—An automobile understood to have been the property of the former French emperor, has been stolen at Strasbourg. A man named Lavin has been arrested, charged with the theft of the machine, which is said to be worth \$5,000 francs.

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—What's a Mere Husband Compared to a Cook!



JOE'S CAR—Joe Feels Like He'd Just Broken Out of Jail!



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

THE NAGGER AND THE NAGGED.

A few days ago a Western woman shot and killed her husband, and as he was dying, he gasped out with his last breath:

"I guess I pushed her too far. I nagged her too much. Women can't stand as much nagging as men can."

That will be the wife's defense. That she was nagged beyond the limit of human endurance, and it's dollars to doughnuts that the jury will bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

We have all suffered from the nagger, and we know from personal experience that there is no other thing on earth that raises such murderous impulses in even the most patient breast, as does the continuous nagging on one string by someone who is a perpetual grouch.

When you think of a man growling over his breakfast and finding fault with the coffee, and making sarcastic remarks about the bread every morning for 40 years, you can understand how many times his wife has toyed with the idea of flavoring his eggs some day with Rouseau or Halls, and being forever relieved of his complaints.

When you contemplate the spectacle of a man coming home day after day, through a weary eternity of matrimony, to a wife who frets at him because he doesn't make more money, and forgets to wipe his feet on the doormat, and because he smokes, and murses up the sofa cushion, and who reminds him that she's told him not to do these things a million times, you know why he sits with his hands in his pockets. It's to keep from grating his passionate yearning to strangle her.

No. When you observe that nagging is the favorite indoor sport of so many married people the wonder is not that occasionally a nagger gets his or her just desert. The marvel is that any of them escape. It shows that the stuff of which marriages are made is not extant.

For, in all good truth, there is nothing else so hard to endure as perpetual nagging. It gets on our nerves, and becomes as unendurable as the continual falling of a single drop of water on the victim's head which was the choicest torture of the Inquisition, and which no one could stand and maintain his reason.

An out-and-out sinner we can forgive and love in spite of his or her wrong doing. We can fight, and shake hands, and still be friends. But we cannot have nothing but a dull and impatient nagging and resentment against the individual who can never let bygones be bygones, and who eternally reminds us of the mistakes we once made, who is continually throwing our faults in our faces, and who forever holds up our weaknesses before our eyes. That is the unforgivable sin.

The Western man's assertion that women can't stand as much nagging as men can is an interesting side-light on the subject, however. Doubt-

less, he is right, and it is to be hoped that his words will be taken to heart by men afflicted with the nagging habit.

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Another reason that women stand nagging with less fortitude than men do is because men can escape from the nagger, whereas a woman is chained to the kitchen, the nursery, the laundry, or a vacant business that takes her all to different cities when she gets to the place where she has got to have a receipt or die. Men, likewise, have the advantage of having millions of dollars in the bank, whereas a woman's work gives her all too much time to think and to brood over the way her husband picks upon her.

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AND THE pilot had told me

BEFORE WE left

IF I had a desire

TO go farther up

THAT IN lieu of speech

I SHOULD raise my thumbs.

SO THEY pointed up.

AND IF I desired.

TO come down again.

I SHOULD lower my thumbs

SO THEY pointed down.

AND I looked at my thumbs

WHEN THE spray had gone

AND WE ceased to rock

AND HAD left the sea.

AND FOLDED them both.

AND SHUT my hands

SO THEY couldn't get out.

AND RAISED my eyes.

AND ALL I could see

WAS THE horizon

AND RISING above.

WAS THE deep blue sky.

AND STRETCHING across

TO WHERE they met.

LAY A tinted sea

AND THERE I was

WITH THE heavens above.

AND THE water beneath

AND FLYING free.

AND EXCEPT for the wind.

THAT PINNED me back

SO THE strap I wore.

NO LONGER pressed.

I COULDN'T have told

IF IT was the sea.

OR THE thing we were in.

THAT WAS rushing on.

AND THE fear I had had

NO LONGER remained.

AND MY two good thumbs

CAME CREEPING out.

FROM THEIR hiding place

AND LOOKED around

AND INCLINED themselves

AND POINTED up.

AND THE pilot man

AT THE driving wheel.

SAW THE thumbs go up.

AND WENT up with them.

AND JUST for a moment

WE CIRCLED around

AND LEFT the sea.

AND I looked straight down.

ON MILES of roofs.

AND RIBBONED streets.

AND CRAWLING things.

I HAD known as men

WHEN I had lived.

ON THE earth beneath.

AND I pitied them.

AND STRAIGHTENED my thumbs.

AND HELD them erect.

BUT IT did no good.

FOR THE flight was done.

AND WE had dipped.

AND WERE coming down.

AND THE sea came up.

LIKE A mother's hands.

AND LAID us gentle

INTO ITS lap.

AND A wave came along.

AND HIT us again.

AND I thought I was drowned.

BUT, OF course, I wasn't.

I HAD just come back.

TO THIS rough old world.

I THANK you.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER

Compiled by John C. Quinlan, the

Sunshine Man.

If I can live

To make some pale face brighter, and

to give

A second luster to some tear-dimmed

eye,

Or even impart

One throb of comfort to an aching heart,

Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing

by,

If I can lend

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend

The right against a single envious

strife,

My life, though bare,

Perhaps, of much seemeth dear and

To us of earth, will not have been in

vain.

The purest joy.

Most near to heaven, far from earth's

shower.

Is bidding cloud give way to sun and

shine.

And 'twill be well.

If on that day of days the angels tell

Of me, "She did her best for one of

Thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

A Line On Men

You Read About

Senator King, of Utah demands the

removal of Frederic C. Howe from his

office, on the ground that he presided at

a pro-soviet meeting in New York.

Howe is a native

of Pennsylvania, 52

years of age, but

was admitted to the

bar in 1894, and

practiced law in

the city for 15

years.

He was a law

professor at the

Cleveland college of

law, and a lecturer

on taxation at

Western Reserve

university.

Howe is the president

has power to remove Mr. Howe from his

office, but congress may direct

an investigation of the charges against

him.

It is not charged that he has Bol-

shev sympathies, but that he pre-

sided at a meeting where such sym-

pathies